Salvation of a Robber Band

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THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments, or no.

And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know; that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live.

—*Deuteronomy* 8.2,3.

Published Bi-monthly by the

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

15 PHILIPSE PLACE, YONKERS 3, N. Y.

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VOL. XXX JANUARY-FEBRUARY
No. 1 1949

OUR THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Published Bi-monthly by the American-European Fellowship
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization
15 Philipse Place Yonkers 3, N. Y.

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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

Blow Your Trumpet Softly

Dear Comrades on the Field:

Recently I notice that some have sent short letters and reports. I admire you. Never cease any important service for souls to sit down and write about *yourself*. God can and will take care of His own work. Trust Him, and give more time to secret prayer and Bible meditation. To be filled with the Spirit means to be emptied of self, self-seeking, self-glory. Your seasons of loneliness, weariness and disappointment will only be overcome by faithfulness to Him who loved you, and gave Himself for your sins. God bless and use you to saints and sinners. Ephesians 3.20. We all need the spirit of confession in Psalm 51. I read it frequently.

Dear American Friends:

Now a brief word to you. Are you sometimes too busy to pray, or take a little time over God's precious Word? Beware of the first step in backsliding. Watch and pray. A few dollars given to the good work in the Harvest Field will not cover up sin. Again I say, "Watch!"

Dr. Orson R. Palmer founded this Fellowship on a strong Bible foundation. His vision was not merely another missionary movement. No, indeed! Here are his words: "To band together God's children of various denominations: ALL ONE IN CHRIST JESUS" (the motto of our great British Keswick Convention). Dr. Palmer's heart yearned for a definite ONENESS of heart and mind for the evangelization of Europe and other lands. He had a heavy heart-burden for the Jews. He laboured until the sweat dripped from his brow, and his strength was all used up by his tremendous passion. Again I would remind myself of my failure: "Why did I not plead with God on his behalf more fervently? Why did I not arouse others to cease flattering the dear man and fight on his behalf against all the hellish forces of Satanic opposition?" I was glad to hear from the godly nurse in Philadelphia who attended both Dr. and Mrs. Palmer in their declining days, and right up to the end. She realized what a privilege it was, and thanked God for the joy of service. We want more consecrated nurses like her.

Europe needs more pioneers like Dr. Palmer. Who'll be the next to lay all upon the altar? All for Jesus: prayer, praise, testimony, and joyous sacrifice? The world is wanting to see Reality today. Will you declare in Jesus' precious Name: "Here am I; Lord, send me."

Yours for a deeper love for perishing souls,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

Reentered as second class matter September 7, 1945, at the Post Office at Yonkers, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of February 28, 1925. Subscription price 50c per year. Canada and foreign, 75c.

Thirty Years of the Fellowship

PASTOR O. R. PALMER *
(1860 - 1939)

Our English brother, Mr. F. Spencer Johnson, has struck a keynote for this article, in his inspiring words on the previous page. With the beginning of 1949, THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD reaches its thirtieth volume. It is fitting that at this time we should review the years of work which lie behind us, and pay special tribute to the "mighty men in Israel" who labored with us for a time and now are gone. At the head of this roll of honor there stands the name of Pastor Orson R. Palmer, the real founder of the American-European Fellowship. Born December 19, 1860, he entered into the larger life on June 5, 1939, having served for many years as pastor of Berachah Church in Philadelphia. Many have borne witness to the simplicity and power of his preaching. He himself has related how God led him, through sickness and health, into the ministry, and into ever deeper consecration. He wrote: "'Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him.' One day I set my love upon the Lord Jesus; one day I saw He had died for me; one day I saw His blood would cleanse me from sin; one day I saw it was possible for a sinner, turning to God, trusting in the Lord Jesus, to know he had passed from death into life. One day I saw that, and by the grace of God, I have never forgotten it, and have sought to help others to know it." At the funeral services for Pastor Palmer, many outstanding leaders referred to him as their father in the Lord. Few men, not personally known to us, have left upon us such an impression of dignity, simplicity, and true spiritual greatness.

So much, briefly, for the man. What of the movement founded by him? The earliest origins of the American-European Fellowship, like those of many another movement, are somewhat obscure. When the curtain goes up on Vol. I, No. 1, the magazine is called "The Russian Harvest Field," and prominent names appearing on the Board of Directors include those of Dr. David J. Burrell, of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York; Alwyn Ball, Jr.; Dr. Arno C. Gaebelein (later our honored President for many years); Paul Rader, Don O. Shelton of the National Bible Institute, and others. Early missionary reports were signed by Herman B. Centz and Alexander Dobrinin. A chart of gifts received, the prototype of our present chart now appearing regularly on p. 15, figures prominently in an early issue. There is a notation: "About 1000 receipts were sent out before we began to number them." This pushes the earliest numbering of receipts back to about November, 1919.

Time passes, and familiar names illumine the pages. Rev. Paul L. Mishkoff writes from Bulgaria. The first known letter from Rev. I. S. Prokhanoff, whose life-story we have recently been following, appears in the issue for September-October, 1921. It is a request for Bibles and hymn-books.

The early format of the magazine was similar in size to that used today, that is, 6 x 9 inches, and it generally had sixteen pages, plus a cover. Later

* Photograph from the Memorial Number (August-September, 1939) of "Look and Live," published by Berachah Church, Philadelphia. Used by permission.

on, in 1925, it "spread" to full 8½ x 11 size, still with sixteen pages; but after a year, the smaller and more graceful format was resumed. Do any of our readers remember the famine map of Europe, with Russia all in black, and the appeal: "Help us to give Russia the Bread of Life!" Do they remember the large cut of half the northern hemisphere, with Europe prominent, and storm-clouds gathering around, with the legend: "Storm-Center of the World"? This figured for some time as a front cover design, and later was used on the outside back cover.

In the issue for July, 1922, the name of Norman J. Smith appears for the first time as General Secretary and as Editor. After some previous experience in Russian missionary work, Mr. Smith had been living with his family in Richmond, Virginia, for two and a half years, as Superintendent of the Southern District of the American Sunday-School Union. One day a friend appeared on his doorstep,—Rev. Herman B. Centz, a former associate in Philadelphia. His visit lengthened into days and weeks. At last he revealed that he had been charged not to return to New York City until he had Mr. Smith's promise to come there and take charge of the work of the home office. Under these friendly auspices Mr. Smith entered into the organization which he was not to leave for twenty-four years,—until his death in November, 1946. On welcoming him into the work, the Board members expressed their belief that he had a wider and sounder knowledge of Russian missionary activity than any other native-born American.

The address of the publication at that time, as for many years afterwards, was the Presbyterian Building, 156 Fifth Avenue (at 20th Street), New York City. The subscription price of it then, as now, was fifty cents a year. A special Russian Famine Number, in September, 1922, printed touching pictures of starving and half-naked children. There was also an appeal for plows to be sent to Russia, "to attack the famine at its source." They were priced at $6.00 and up. Letters from the late Captain Paxton Hibben, an outstanding relief official, acknowledged gifts from the society for the opening of child-feeding stations in Russia. Another prominent authority often cited was the late Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, who was High Commissioner of the League of Nations for Russian Relief. Herbert C. Hoover had charge of the American Relief Administration for adult feeding in Russia.

Three honored names appear on the Board of Directors as early as 1922: Dr. Arno C. Gaebelein, Dr. George H. Dowkontt (still our beloved President), and Pastor O. R. Palmer. Pastor Max Monsky, still an honored associate of ours, had an article in the magazine for August, 1923, on the evangelistic work in Austria. The issue for October, 1923, commends to its readers the services of "Miss Emmy Steyrer, Secretary of the Austria Evangelical Society, who is speaking in America." Most of these historical items need no comment; our readers will follow, with quickened heartbeats, the early activities of leaders and missionaries who have so long been dear to us.

Our files of the magazine for 1924 are incomplete, but on p. 18 of the issue for March of that year, there appeared an important announcement, under the heading, "A New Society." It reads as follows:

"After a series of three conferences held in Philadelphia during the past six weeks, a new organization has been formed for the purpose of furthering Christian coöperation in European countries. The title of the new society—THE AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP FOR CHRISTIAN ONENESS AND EVANGELIZATION—explains its purposes as well as any extended statement." (Capitals thus in the original version.) The announcement continues: "Representatives of four societies interested in Evangelization, Bible distribution and relief

work were instrumental in forming this new A. E. F. The society has no intention of duplicating any existing work, but seeks to coöperate with and forward the interests of its member-societies and other Christian institutions working for the same objects." The offices were now moved to Philadelphia for a time. The original officers were: Chairman, Pastor O. R. Palmer, Philadelphia; Treasurer, Clarence Mason, Philadelphia; Secretary, Norman J. Smith, New York. Another illustrious name makes its first appearance at this time: Herbert Hogg was on the Publicity Committee.

The same issue mentions "a recent letter from Rev. Charles Lukesh, now located in his native country of Czechoslovakia." Also in 1924, our British friends, Mr. and Mrs. F. Spencer Johnson, made an extended missionary journey in Europe, reporting on conditions there.

The four societies mentioned above, which were joined to produce the American-European Fellowship, were: the Russia Evangelization Society, the Christian Testimony to the Jews, the Serbian Gospel Mission and the American Christian Relief Mission. The Corporate Seal of the Fellowship is dated 1926, and the place of incorporation is New Jersey. The magazine was being published in Harrisburg, Pa.

Rev. W. S. Hottel became Home Director for a time, and Editor of the magazine, with Rev. Norman J. Smith as Associate Editor. A number of devotional articles were printed, as well as missionary news. We almost forgot to mention that in 1924 the name of the magazine was changed from "The Russian Harvest Field" to THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD.

Rev. Norman J. Smith went abroad in the spring of 1925, and in May of that year he writes from Wernigerode, in Germany, of his first meeting with Rev. I. S. Prokhanoff, whom he was to bring back to this country with him, as described recently in these pages. An office was maintained in New York, as well as in Philadelphia, for the planning of meetings and conferences, as their "missionary journeys" together began. The magazine had two Missionary Departments, a Jewish and a Gentile section (hence the later division, which persisted in our bookkeeping for many years, of "Gentile" and "Jewish" Funds).

But we have "rattled the dry bones of the past" enough for this time. In our next issue, we shall hope to get down to a less prehistoric period.

(*To be continued*)

Salvation of a Robber Band

We present herewith the first installment of a really gripping true story. It has come to us through various languages and versions. Originally written in Russian, it was translated into German and published by Pastor Bernhard Götze, before the war; translated into English and published in 1942 by Rev. Charles Lukesh. We have in the main followed this version. Brother Lukesh noted that "the original translators stressed their endeavor to maintain the simplicity of the author." The story was at first called "Greasy the Robber," from the nickname of its hero. But let the tale speak for itself.

The nickname "Greasy" was given to Paul when he was but eight years old, under special circumstances which we shall mention later. His real family name was Tikhomirov. He was the son of a farmer from one of the poorest villages in the government of Mogilev. The family consisted of the father, the mother, and two children—the ten-year-old Shura (Alexandra) and the eight-year-old Pasha (Paul). They lived peacefully, were religious in the Orthodox way, and enjoyed the respect, not only of the inhabitants of their own village, but those of all the district.

On the holy days the local Orthodox priest used to visit them to play cards with the father, not for money, but merely to pass the time. Sometimes the game was "Dulachki," at which it was customary that the losing one had to suffer the pack of cards to be thrown on his nose. If either of the players had any money, they sent the children for liquor, which would put them in a hilarious mood. During this time the priest, whom they called "Batushka" (Daddy), used to say: "It is no sin to drink with moderation. Even the Lord Jesus loved to be joyful, and at the wedding in Cana changed water into wine."

The children loved to look on, and noted with special interest how the nose of the priest would become more and more red—whether it was from the use of the liquor or from the frequent hits with the pack of cards, thrown at him cleverly by the father, who usually won the game. The good-natured priest used to say, in a croaking voice: "Who will endure to the end will be saved. I shall have my turn, my beloved, and then look out, because it is written: 'Owe no man anything, and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.'"

This hilarious life came to an abrupt end. Several bad harvests in succession compelled the farmers of the village of Sosnovka to consider moving to Siberia. In groups they talked over the matter with one another, and finally decided to send out messengers to find an appropriate piece of land in one of the Siberian districts. Because he was a clever and experienced man, Tikhomirov was among those land-seekers. After three months the messengers returned; they had found land in the government of Tomsk. Promptly selling out their land and property, the farmers started on their way. That was in the year 1897.

During the trip the trains made slow headway, and had to make long stopovers at the crossroads in Samara, Chelyabinsk, and Omsk. The moving farmers had to wait for weeks to get trains for further travel, and had to spend the days and nights in the small railroad stations, lying on the floor. The boiled water was not sufficient for all, nor could the people afford to buy warm food from the restaurants. Consequently, the poor simple people satisfied themselves with dried herring or other dried fish and drank unboiled water. As a result, many had stomach trouble, and cholera set in; the older ones especially were afflicted by the plague.

On the last stretch before Tomsk, Mr. Tikhomirov became sick. All indications signified cholera. To the horror of his wife and children, he was taken from the train at one of the stations, and put in a barrack for infectious diseases. It was only natural that Mrs. Tikhomirov and the children leave the train also. They found refuge not far from the barracks, behind the snow fences along the railroad tracks. Daily they inquired about the condition of the father, but the information was every time more sad. After three days had passed, the sorrow-stricken mother had to declare to the children that she was sick also. It was a heart-breaking scene when the stretcher had to take the mother away from the crying children. In her they lost their last support. With a sad heart the mother parted from her children, suspecting that she would never see them again. But more terrible to the mother was the possibility that her beloved children would be fully orphaned in a strange land.

As the mother was carried into the barracks, the desperate children ran crying behind the carriers, until the heavy barrack door was slammed in their faces. How lonesome and miserable Shura and Pasha felt! As if bereft of their senses, they circled the barracks, crying now for the father and then

for the mother. The only answer they received was a harsh cry from the guard, threatening them with whipping if they would not leave the barracks. But the children did not cease to cry and ask to be let in. They wanted to die with their parents, since they felt they could not live without them. Thus they kept running around the barracks till late at night, when the severe cold compelled them to think of their warmer clothing, which they had left, with some other things, behind the snow fences. However, when they came to the place where they had stayed with their mother before her sickness, they found no sign of their baggage. Apparently someone had taken the few poor things that belonged to the immigrants.

Crawling behind the snow fences, the children huddled together to keep each other warm. Shura, who was the older, was very much concerned about her young brother, and during the night, which seemed to her like an eternity, did not close her eyes. As soon as Pasha awoke, the children hastened again to the barracks. The first guard whom they met told them: "Do not come again. This morning we carried away the body of your father, and your mother is likely to die today."

It was impossible to make the children leave the barracks. Again and again they looked through the windows and called for their mother. Should her beloved voice be silenced forever, and would she be only a cold corpse in the morning? Yes, in the evening they were told that their mother had died an hour ago. Hugging each other, they sat behind the snow fences and cried bitterly.

That night, even Pasha did not sleep. With his back against the snow fences, he looked into the distance, where the rails seemed to disappear out of sight; and the terrible happenings of the last few days passed again before his childish mind. When he finally saw the train drawing near, he said: "Shura, I will live no longer without Father and Mother. Come, let us throw ourselves on the rails. The engine will crush us, and then we shall be dead. What do we have to live for now? Where shall we go, and to whom shall we be of any use?" With these words Pasha took his sister by the hand and dragged her to the rails.

Shura was terrified; she took her small brother in her arms and cried with sobs: "No, for nothing in the world will I go with you to cast myself under the train; neither will I let you go! I am frightened. . . . It is terrible!"

"Let me go; I shall go alone!" cried the boy.

While they were talking to each other, the train rushed by. Pasha threw himself on his face to the ground and began to complain loudly: "Why have you held me back? I do not want to live any more." However, his sister spoke to him kindly, in order to persuade him to give up his horrible thoughts. After a long time, when he had become calmer, he promised not to think any more on death, and not to leave her alone in the world. Thereupon the children, huddled together in their refuge, waited for the break of day, determined to see the grave of their parents in the morning.

(*To be continued*)

"TWELVE WAYS."—Among your Christmas literature from the Fellowship, you found a copy of the little leaflet, "Twelve Ways To Be Poor—One Way To Be Rich," written by the late Rev. Norman J. Smith. Free copies are available for distribution on request.

Contacts in Czechoslovakia

Dear Prayer-helpers:

"If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious" (I Peter 2.3). Humanly speaking, we are very slow in grasping the wonderful truth of the Word of God. He permits us to see things and circumstances that illustrate these truths, and help us to appreciate them more. When we see what others miss, we ought to be thankful for what we are permitted to be partakers of.

Buying a three-dollar Bible is not all. It was a business man who bought it recently, and professed interest in reading it. Visiting him today, I tried to stir him up by the imminency of the Lord's call. He said: "If I knew that I was to go tomorrow, I would buy two and a half gallons of wine, to take a merry leave from this world." Nothing availed to show the impropriety of meeting God in that way. It sounds so nice to go and preach the Gospel, yet unless the hearts are touched, it avails but little. For that reason we appreciate your standing with us in prayer, for the Holy Spirit's conviction upon souls.

The new Constitution speaks of a measure of freedom for religious practices, and forbids forcible propagation of religion. Just how it will be put into practice remains to be seen. Thus far, we are still noticing much coercion of the faithful ones and their children, to keep them from hearing the truth. So much more striking it is that we still get some children to Sunday-School, though they are beset with persecutions and threats. They also do anticipate the Daily Vacation Bible School, and some who missed the favors last year are making a strong bid to take part this year. We appreciate the help of those who made it possible, last year, to hand out some cocoa and bread with jam, and to have the week of camping for the most faithful and teachable. We have to face the overwhelming odds which the world bids. They offer sports and entertainments of every kind, even compulsory attendance at movies. Is it too much to give them a lunch, when they faithfully take part in the instruction, sometimes even against the wishes of their parents? Even the Lord had the bread and fishes passed to those who were listening to Him.

Hope for the hopeless? Among the local Jews there is a sad note of depression, because of the world situation. Tabitha's English teacher is a young Jewess. I met her recently in town, and while we were walking to her dwelling, discussing the promises of God, she asked quaintly: "Do you believe what you say? I stopped reading the Bible, because I don't see it being fulfilled." Of course, the reason is that they want to see the Glory of Israel, instead of the Glory of the Lord in a redeemed people.

There is general disappointment among those who, on large promises, came to occupy the former German-owned farms; many are returning to their old homes. Despite the difficulty of visiting among them, one family was greatly interested. The woman said that every message from us was like a feast to them. Now they are also moving back, and we will have one more contact in the distance. Though it means a loss to the immediate circle, again it is an opportunity for our little candle to throw its beam further. May they be faithful to spread the light where they are.

Preaching by mail has always been our lot, with some curious contacts. We formerly had occasions to write to the United States, and our Czech Gospel letter is still going out. Few get converted on one letter, or tract. We will be happy if some good is done by our efforts. Pray for the Lord's guiding and sustaining grace in all this work.

Yours by Grace,

CHARLES and EDNA LUKESH.

Christmas in the Mines of Germany

EMANUEL GOETZE

I have frequently had occasion to distribute tracts seven hundred yards below the surface of the earth. It is six o'clock in the morning. The morning shift is descending. Long lines of underground workmen are standing before the pit, waiting for their cage. Their faces are hard and tired. The work, with the dust in their faces, and the constant danger, is forming the lives of these men. It shuts up their hearts and makes silent machines of them, doing their work in automatic cycles only.

Now it is time. We step in the cage with eight men. The lattice is lowered; two short signals of the bell, and the cage is moving slowly. The floor on which I am working is situated seven hundred yards underneath the earth's surface. We descend, and everyone goes to his place.

"Good luck!" I salute some fellow-workmen, who are already there before me. "Have you finished reading the first little books I brought you?"

"Yes, I have read the first story," answers one of the workmen, "and it hit me just like a blow in the ribs. Do you think I might be just as indifferent as the man in the story?"

"Hal, you must know that yourself. But go on reading, and you will surely find the right answer."

I distribute some leaflets to our fellow-workmen, who are standing around. Of course they utter their mocking and ironical remarks, but in truth they are all glad and thankful. They wrap the leaflets carefully in some scraps of paper, in order to read them during the day in tranquillity.

Now I have to go to the Diesel workshop, where my fellow-workman is expecting me. The engine is already running, and we go at once to the station, couple some cars together, and go on through the tunnel.

"Charles, what are you thinking now?" I ask my companion.

"Old boy, I am thinking that I might be just such a drunkard as old Captain Knudsen in the story." It is a strange thing that Charles also recognizes himself in his story, and that he believes I had chosen it for him on purpose. And now, as if to drown the sounds of his conscience, he starts a rough song, which resounds loudly in the dark gangways. But even this song has its end, and now it is my turn once more.

"Now I will sing a little song for you," and I start at once: "I went through the world, and the world is beautiful and great, and yet my longing draws me far away from the earth." My fellow-workman is listening in silence. He does not look at me, but I feel him following my words attentively, not wishing to lose one of them. And now comes the last verse: "They have found their rest, all men far and near, in the wounds of the Lamb of God, at the Cross of Golgotha." I sing these words clearly and distinctly. Charles, you reserved, hard and wild heart, you also shall hear this message. He does not say anything. In silence he tightens the gas-pedal, and I only hear the

groaning and sighing of the engine, which is going in high speed now. Yes indeed, Charles, even if you do not say any word, you know very well, HE has been among us just now.

Christmas approaches. My fellow-workers say to me, "You don't care for your dram, do you?" I say, "No." "Then you may bring your bottle for us tomorrow; we will surely empty it. Tomorrow is Christmas Eve, and as we will have to descend at any rate, we may keep it in the pit."

The dram is strictly forbidden, but I can well prepare for the celebration of Christmas Eve. Thus, on the next day, I take, besides my sandwiches, some biscuits, the small piccolo harmonica, and especially my New Testament with me. Then I descend, as I do every day. We have a short breakfast, and fetch our tools. Today the work is especially hard. We are six men only, and the rails which we have to sink are placed under water. So we have to arrange the water-conduit first, then lift the track for a length of twelve yards, put it away, and reconnect the track. After six hours' hard work, we stop to rest. An older companion has found a fine long prop: he places it in the middle of the tunnel, and fastens his lamp on it. We also hook our lamps to it. Afterwards we sit down on the tool-boxes, take our breakfast quietly, and are admiring our Christmas tree. I play on my harmonica, which is out of tune: "*O Tannenbaum, du Tannenbaum . . .*" and the rough voices of my companions take up the carol. We sing one carol after another.

"This is all very fine," I say, "but I think a Christmas Eve without the Christmas story,—that's nothing!"

"Well, let's have it," says one who is sitting on the next box, and who told me only a few days ago that I ought to hold my tongue and not answer back. I get up, place myself near the prop, take off my leather helmet, I take the New Testament from my pocket, and I read slowly the Christmas story of Luke 2. to them. "And look here, the Angel of the Lord stepped to them, and the clearness of God shined around them, and they were in great fear. And the Angel told them: Don't be afraid! Look here, I am announcing a big joy for you, which will happen to all people, for today the Saviour was born to you, who is Christ, the Lord, in the town of David. And that shall be a token for you: You will find the child swathed in swaddling-clothes and lying in a manger. And soon there were the hosts of the heaven near the Angel; they praised the Lord and spoke: Honor be to God in the height, and peace on earth, and a liking-well to the people!"*

Distinctly sound the words in the long solitary tunnel. Now, you must still say something about this Jesus, I think, you cannot simply sit down. And then I begin: "My dear companions, why do we promulgate the message of the birth of Christ? Because this message brings light into our lives! Without light we cannot live. We know it ourselves, how we need our lamps, how they help us in working, and protect us in emergencies. But if we come to the surface, we perceive how scanty are our lamps. The sun is yet the best, purest, and strongest light. We like so much to seek our own lights, and then we say proudly: 'Every man shall be saved in heaven after his own manner!' However, then we meet the Lord Jesus, who has said of Himself: 'I am the light of the world.' And we suddenly realize that our light is only a weak lamp, which cannot be compared with the Lord Jesus. And if we extinguish our light, He will kindle His light in our hearts.

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* Not having an English Bible at hand, Emanuel has translated this passage literally from the German into strangely beautiful English. We were happy to send him later a splendid English Bible donated by one of our friends.

"However, the message of the birth of Christ is also a message of joy. Before the holidays, we reflect on the presents we shall give to our wives and children. Because we love them, we think of some fine and beautiful thing, and we will surprise them on Christmas Eve. The Father in heaven loves us heartily, and therefore He wished to give us a particularly costly gift. And because we had turned so far from Him, and we did not want to know anything of Him, He thought of something especial, and presented us with the best of all, His Son! If we accept this costly gift, we will be reconciled with God, the joy will return to our hearts, and nobody and nothing can take it from us.

"But the finest of all, the message of the birth of Christ is the message of peace! We all want real peace. Even in our gang, we have quarrels, and often for such trifles. And the family? How much trouble, uncharitableness, envy and even infidelity we may see every day! Are we astonished, then, if the nations cannot find rest? And why is all this? Because we have no peace ourselves. Only Jesus Christ can give a real peace. So I wish you a blissful Christmas, with the Lord Jesus Christ, in His light, in His joy, and in His peace!"

"Thanks," says one of my fellow-workers, almost inaudibly. Then a long and deep silence. . . . And when we afterwards have to go to the shaft, we wish each other once more a blessed holiday, and we shake hands heartily. Thus we celebrated Christmas Eve in the Subsidiary Road VI, Department East.

EMANUEL GÖTZE.

Emanuel is a son of our honored associate, Pastor Bernhard Götze. As we read, we thought: "What is this young man, who writes like Tolstoy, and preaches as one inspired, doing at work in a mine?" Have our readers had the same thought: Is this right? He is eager for further training and full-time Christian work. The Fellowship is anxious to make this possible for him, if the Lord enables. Will you help?

Conferences in Switzerland

"As the rain cometh down from heaven and watereth the earth, so shall My Word be that goeth forth out of My mouth. It shall accomplish that which I please . . . it shall prosper. The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing."

My dear praying friends:

In spite of being late, I want to share with you some of the salient points which marked this past summer and fall, so that you may follow up that which remaineth, and ever needs to be strengthened by your believing prayers. After varied experiences in the German camps, we went up to Switzerland, in the middle of August, to attend the "Youth for Christ" Conference. All the way it was raining, pouring down, and all the week of preparation it continued. We were many who drew apart to seek the Lord and claim His promises: "As the rain cometh down, so shall My Word be." The evening hours of united prayer grew in number as they came and came from distant lands, and in praise and power and expectation.

The Conference was to open on Sunday morning, and what a token of His faithfulness, as we awoke and saw the clear blue sky, the radiant sun. What a sight of light and life! The glory of the Lord shone round about us

—the mountains and the hills broke forth into singing. There can be nothing grander than the snow-capped Swiss Alps, at sunset, when the snow takes on a wonder of pink beauty. Many and wonderful are Thy works, O Lord! And if you tarry, if He keeps you wondering and worshipping, you will see the shadows of the surrounding mountains make a cross on the "Jungfrau." His redeeming love speaks.

At seven we gathered around the Lord's table; the message of dear, esteemed Dr. Harry Farmer was prophetic for all the week: "My people shall be willing . . . the free-will offering in the day of Thy power, in the beauty of holiness, with the dew of youth. . . ." What the bread and wine, the cup of His suffering meant to us cannot be told, but the desire to drink of it more deeply was real. All the following week we had stirring messages—there was confession of sin and prayer until after midnight. We saw young men and women rise up to give first themselves and then all they had to the Lord. There was real fellowship at table, when we sat at meat with the choicest servants of the Lord, who had come from the East and the West, from the ends of the earth. We enjoyed immensely the youth of different tongues and climes, and we learned much from deeply tested and proven children of God. The generosity of the Americans was indeed great. I was so grateful for my fellowship with you, and somewhat proud too—they gave and gave, until it must have hurt them. Their passion for Christ was deep, and their vision of the Lord clear; it stirred us who are sitting on our cabbage-patch, feeling the pinch of poverty of our own field of service. It was a grand occasion, and we left the mountain-top enriched and enlarged.

"This kind goeth not out but by fasting and prayer" became, on returning to France, the most appropriate text and experience. We have sweet fellowship with true children of God here in France, and there is a group of young men so eager to serve the Lord, and with whom we coöperate, and we are always happy and so grateful to be here. But it is a dark valley of endless suffering and sorrow, where evil in many forms is working in hidden obscure places.

Two young doctors, who were called into military service in Saigan, offered us their small attic flat in Lyon, a prominent city in France, during the two years of their absence. We were so happy to have it, knowing the impossibility of getting even a room in France, and were sure that it was right and legal. We began the hard work of cleaning and whitewashing, and then the local police came and wanted to put us out. After fasting and prayer, and the efficient help of a prominent French gentleman, who is Acting Consul for Denmark, we finally got permission to stay over the winter, but we must leave in June. We covet your believing prayer for the next step. God is able to provide another home. But until things are settled, please use for all communications my old address, 14, rue de Vernoux, St. Péray, Ardèche. My trusted friends, and even the postoffice, take good care of forwarding or keeping.

We are doing all possible for the time being. A student from Beatenberg is here to help me initiate the work, and she is, as all who have passed through that excellent training, ready and willing for anything. We have still the naked and poor with us. Looking at an aged woman, past eighty, without stockings or coat, I felt led to ask her to come and see me, and this she did. She is now warmly dressed in American used garments, and coming to meetings, and this opened a whole section in that district of tenement-houses, so that many others will one day rise up and praise the Lord for you.

Your own fellow-worker in France,

TORDIS CHRISTOFFERSEN.

Conferences in Buenos Aires

A RUSSIAN WEDDING IN ARGENTINA
(Mr. and Mrs. Kovalchuk are at the reader's right)

We have had unusual blessings in this land during the past few years, especially in the capital and other industrial cities, and with the coming of more Slavonic persons from Europe. Our churches are gradually increasing in the number of members, and the meetings are well attended. Many displaced persons, fugitives from Russia, have come here from the D.P. camps in Germany, France, Belgium and other lands. Their material condition is very difficult. But it is easy for them to find work, even without knowing the language, as there is a great deal of industry here.

Besides our regular and special meetings, we have our so-called regional conferences for spiritual edification. Our last such conference took place on Sunday, September 12th, in Buenos Aires. Two special preachers had been invited to minister the Word. Our large hall was filled, and many stood throughout the meeting, listening attentively. The conference was opened with congregational singing, reading of the Word of God, and prayer. News of the local churches followed, and then the preaching, the first sermon being on "Obedience and Fulfillment of the Word of God." A second message, by another brother, dealt with the repentant thief on the cross. He stressed the fact that the man, though a thief, actually received salvation, since the Lord Himself said that this was so. Salvation is by grace alone. But this does not mean that we, having been redeemed by the blood of Christ, are not to engage in good works, or to fulfill the Scriptural injunctions concerning baptism, church membership, etc., if we have the opportunity. All this we must do, zealously fulfilling the commandments of God.

I send you a picture of the wedding of one of my helpers at La Plata. With heartiest Christian greetings, we remain,

Yours in Him,

JOHN and MARY KOVALCHUK.

Dr. Yuk's Diary

Today is the 11th of June. The armistice has been in force for a month. In all probability, this armistice, like every peace made artificially by the hands of man, without the aid of the Prince of Peace, will end, as it always ends, in war again. But war is not the final end which the Lord has in view for Israel.

Israel is longing for peace. It is weary from two thousand years of wandering through the deserts of strange nations, and would be at rest. Oh, how Israel longs for peace and tranquillity! When passing as a wayfarer through strange cities and villages, it saw the peaceful flow of life in the tranquil and beautiful homes of large and small cities, and in the comfortable little houses and villas of the countryside and the villages. Everywhere the people felt themselves at home. A certain Frenchman, sitting and resting after work in his little garden, beside his little house, felt himself to be at home in his own land of France. The little house was his, the little garden was his, and France was his. The Hebrew could also purchase for himself, on occasion, a house and garden in France, but France was not his, and therefore, in the last analysis, the house and garden would not be his; and everywhere he was a stranger. People made him feel this, sometimes politely, sometimes delicately, sometimes coarsely and cruelly, with contempt and hatred, and the hatred and cruelty were often without bounds.

Israel has suffered and been weary for two thousand years. Therefore, when in the last half-century it began to return to Palestine, it began, above all, to build. In this respect, the present return was quite similar to the return from the Babylonian captivity. Then, too, as we know from the Bible, the people began, as soon as they returned from Babylon, to build again. Still, there is a vast difference between these buildings. What a difference! Then, they began first of all to build the second temple; now they are building villages and towns, factories and mills. And the point is not this, that now there is no space available for the building of a third temple (the site is now occupied by the Mosque of Omar); the point is this, that in the soul of Israel, on the whole, there is now no place for the Temple, and for Him who would dwell in this Temple. During the past thirty years, and especially now, Israel has been occupied with quite different undertakings. He has no time for the Temple. He would like to have, at this present return to the Holy Land, three things: to be at peace, to build, and to begin to live. Humanly speaking, he has fully deserved all this. Who among the other nations has been so long in poverty, with no chance to build, and with no peace and rest, as Israel? And now he is here again in his own land, after two thousand years of absence, and is utilizing all his powers and his unusual energy, in order to build, to live, and to be at peace. This is the watchword of Israel, to this he is, in the last analysis, bending all his energies, this is written in living characters in the soul of every Israelite in the Holy Land. How far he has succeeded in this purpose will be discussed below. But we shall be obliged to make a further analysis of these concepts, especially of the last one, "to be at peace." For what is the value of building and living, even in the most beautiful cities and houses, if not with the aim of real tranquillity and true peace!

"Sholom! Sholom!" Is not this symbolical, that there is no other land in the world where you hear the word "Sholom" (peace) so often repeated, as here in the land of Israel? At home and on the streets, in buses, offices,

(*Continued on page* 16)

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS—December, 1948 and January, 1949
(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts.)

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